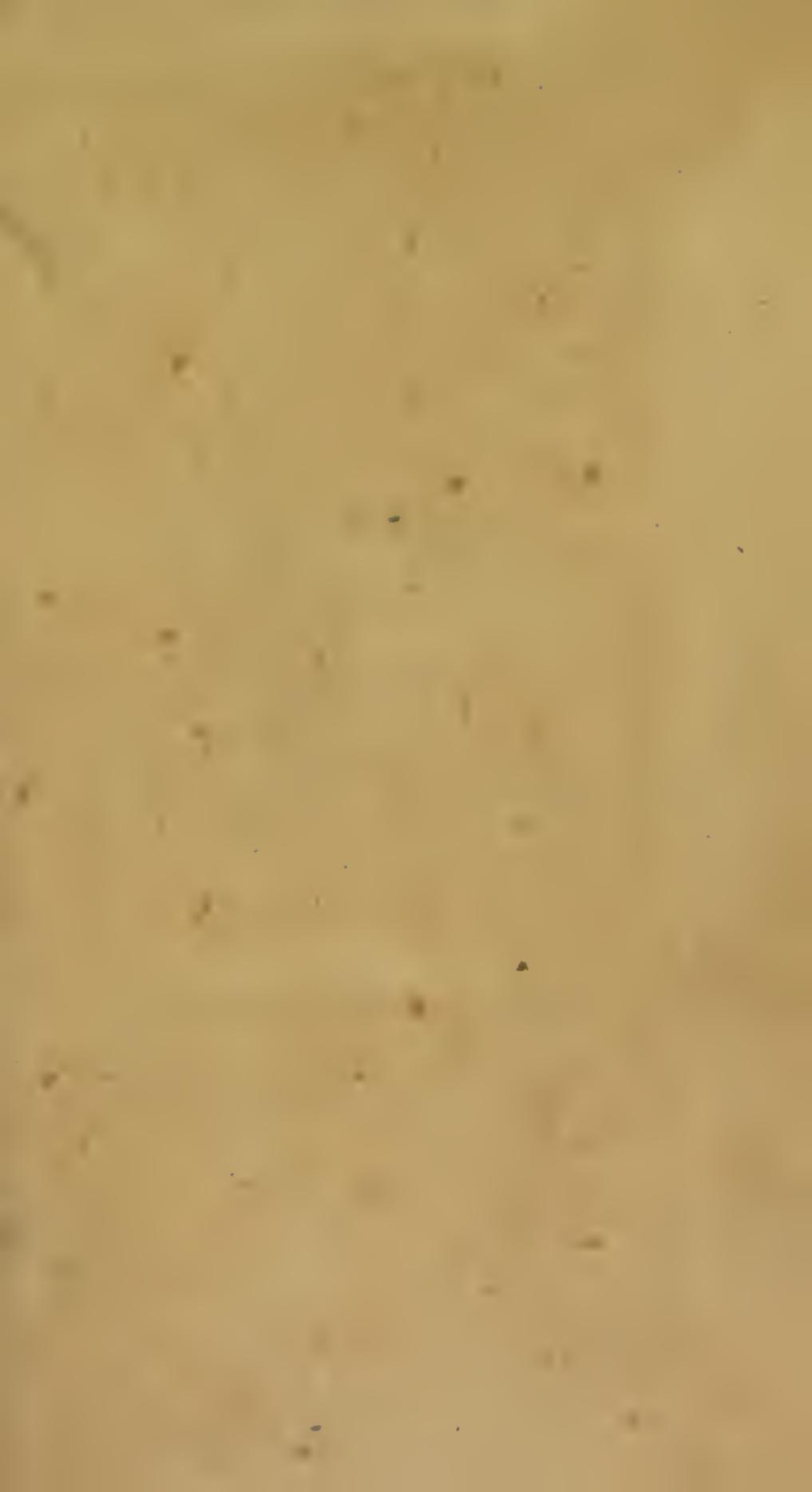




10/6



MEMOIRS

OF

HARRY ROWE.





HARRY ROWE

*"In plain English. Farm Master of
a Puppet-Show"*

MEMOIRS

OF

HARRY ROWE:

CONSTRUCTED FROM MATERIALS

FOUND IN AN OLD BOX,

AFTER HIS DECEASE ;

By Mr. JOHN CROFT, WINE MERCHANT.

For the BENEFIT of the YORK DISPENSARY.

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MEMOIRS OF HARRY ROWE.

HARRY ROWE was born in the year 1728, in the town of Nottingham, where his father kept a school, and his mother followed the business of a mantua-maker. His father being a man of some learning, was very attentive to the education of his son, and entertained a hope of seeing him, one day or other, in holy orders. Being a sharp boy, his father found him at the age of sixteen qualified to act as his assistant in the school ; but instead of attending to the morals of the scholars, he led them into a number of boyish tricks, such as breaking into hen-roosts, robbing of orchards, &c. Finding the young man of a wayward

disposition, the old gentleman removed him from the school, and bound him apprentice to a stocking weaver, in which station he continued for the space of three years; but having formed an improper connexion with one of the maid servants, he was summoned by the church-wardens to give security for his conduct in an affair that gave his master much uneasiness. Having lost his master's good opinion, and being threatened with the house of correction, he entered as a volunteer into the Duke of Kingston's light horse, and in a short time he was raised to the rank of a trumpeter. Being the year of the rebellion, the regiment was ordered down into Scotland, and at the battle of Culloden he behaved with great gallantry. On the suppression of the rebellion, the regiment was ordered to return to England, soon after which it was reduced. Harry being now out of employment, and having all the world before him, he formed the resolution of trying his fortune in London, where he arrived almost pennyless; having expended all his arrears re-

ceived on the reduction of the regiment. He soon found his way to a register-office for servants, and being recommended to Orator Henley, he was taken into his service, in the double capacity of door-keeper, and “groaner;” for which last office he was admirably calculated; but being suspected of making too free with the money received at the door of the chapel, he was dismissed from his service. We now find him in the employment of a chymist who kept a dispensary, and whose shop was attended three days in a week by a sham physician. The chymist’s name was Van Gropen, and the sham physician was an obscure shoemaker, to whose sister Van Gropen was married; so that the confederacy was much strengthened by the alliance. Harry’s department was to represent persons labouring under various diseases, a service for which he was well qualified. In the course of six months, he had been nine times cured of a dropsy, and before the expiration of his year, he had been

the faithful representative of every disease incident to the human body.

In proportion to Harry's exertion, the reputation of Dr. Wax (the assumed doctor's title) increased, insomuch that the faculty in the neighbourhood began to be seriously alarmed ; and suggestions, tolerably well supported, began to be circulated, that Harry was a hired impostor in the service of Van Gropen. At this, our adventurer was much alarmed, and to guard against the horrors of a house of correction, he very prudently gave his master warning, but at the same time, he hinted, that he could support the character of a sham doctor better than Dr. Wax, having under his father's tuition formed an early acquaintance with the Latin classics. To this proposition Mr. Van Gropen could not assent, as he had married Doctor Wax's sister ; but he freely acknowledged that Harry's abilities were much superior to those of his brother in law. Not succeeding in this attempt, and feeling some

compunctions of honest nature, Harry resolved to return to his father ; and, accordingly, he set out as an outside passenger in the Nottingham Fly. By his father he was kindly received, and he was again placed as an assistant in the school ; but Harry being possessed of a mind that did not harmonize with the drudgery of a school, he projected the scheme of what he called a “wedding shop.” Being convinced that such an undertaking could not be conducted by an unmarried man, he employed himself in looking out for a wife, and in a short time he honourably engaged himself to a genteel looking woman, who then kept a milliner’s shop, and finding her ready to enter into his views, they were soon married. The place they fixed on for the commencement of this new undertaking, was the city of Coventry, for which place Harry and his wife set out, with cash to the amount of forty pounds, arising from the sale of his wife’s stock in trade. Soon after their arrival at Coventry, they took a ready-furnished house in the suburbs, called

Bondfield House, and Harry immediately announced his plan by the insertion of an advertisement in the Coventry Mercury ; but, for a political reason, he changed his name to “ Tack ; ” being a name, as he said, very appropriate to his new undertaking. The form of the advertisement was as follows :

Coventry, Jan. 1.

“ Thomas and Mary Tack most respectfully
“ inform the public, that they have opened
“ an office in Bondfield, for the encourage-
“ ment of Matrimony, where the strictest
“ honour will be observed. They have upon
“ their books ladies and gentlemen of all de-
“ scriptions. A gentleman may be fitted with a
“ wife as soon as his tailor can take his measure
“ for a suit of clothes, and a lady may have a
“ husband as soon as her maid can pin her
“ handkerchief. They have to dispose of
“ many ladies of rare accomplishments, with
“ small fortunes ; many ladies of rare accom-
“ plishments, with large fortunes ; widows well

“ jointured ; and a large assortment of old
“ maids, with large fortunes. A lady or
“ gentleman may consult Mr. Tack’s private
“ book, for two guineas. In conducting the
“ business of this office, the most honourable
“ secrecy will be observed. A Cupid over
“ the door.

* * * “ Letters addressed as above, will be
“ punctually and speedily answered.”

Soon after the publication of this address, letters poured in from all quarters, and Harry congratulated himself on his prospect of success.

To Mr. TACK.

Wakefield.

I am guardian to a young lady of considerable fortune, and as I am anxious to see her settled for life, with a prospect of happiness, I am induced from my slender acquaintance with the world, to adopt this method of making

my sentiments known. From the natural vivacity of the lady's temper, I am apprehensive of her becoming a prey to some man of address and of desperate fortune. To prevent which I am induced to say, that I will freely give my consent to her marrying a gentleman of easy fortune, and whose character will bear the strictest inquiry. I shall prefer a clergyman under thirty who either enjoys at present, or has a certain prospect of church preferment, with some private fortune of his own. I shall not object to a military man who is of a sedate disposition, and not addicted to the common vices of the age. Having said thus much of my own wishes, it will be expected that I should say something of the lady. She is of a cheerful disposition. Is well accomplished in reading, music, dancing, and other female accomplishments. Her person is good, and her countenance is expressive of sense and good temper. Her fortune about five thousand pounds. Has a just notion of economy in dress and family affairs. Her age somewhat above twenty.

I wish that what I have here said may be considered only as an outline, which I am ready to fill up when I am honourably applied to. Letters addressed to me at your office, will be honourably taken notice of; and it is requested that the gentlemen who may wish to become candidates for the lady's favour, will give a just and honourable explanation of their pretensions. To prevent improper applications, I am induced to say, that clergymen who smoke tobacco, or are reputed foxhunters, will be absolutely rejected. Letters that come directed as above, and carry with them satisfactory appearances, will be answered within ten days, but it is not expected that the first letters shall bear the real signatures of the writers, as such an expectation would be the means of preventing modest merit from making application. In addition to the lady's fortune, she has a certain prospect of enjoying my estate, if her choice of a husband meets with my approbation.

Yours, &c.

CALEB DANVERS.

To Mr. TACK.

Warwick.

I am a giddy girl of sixteen, and just come from the boarding-school to be under the care of a hideous old aunt. I long to be married; and as you keep a wedding shop, pray put me down for a captain as soon as possible. I am impatient to be my own mistress, for at present I lead a life no better than my aunt's squirrel, and not half so good as her waiting maid.

Yours, &c.

MARY TRIPPIT.

To Mr. TACK.

Lincoln.

I am a clergyman in possession of considerable church preferment, and from my connections I have reason to suppose that I shall be the first bishop. I have no private fortune, so I only look for a widow of about thirty, who is willing to join her income to mine, and

trust Providence for the rest. As to beauty, I am not anxious about it; a good moral character, and a cheerful disposition, being all that I wish for.

Yours, &c.

JEREMIAH MEEK.

To Mr. TACK.

Liverpool.

I am just come from sea to take possession of a good estate left me by my uncle; and as I have quitted my ship, I wish to become master and commander of a tight frigate that goes well before the wind. If you have such a one upon your list, let me know, and I will come to Coventry immediately. If the lady be otherwise well appointed, I shall want no ballast, or rigging, but will take her just as she comes from the stocks.

Yours, &c.

G. BOWLING.

To Mr. TACK.

Bridlington.

I am a man of fortune, and live near the sea. I have buried two wives, one of which was a widow, but from the tenderness of their constitution, the sea air killed them both. My apothecary recommends me to make trial of an old maid for my next wife, as he says that old maids are tough, and can stand weather. I care very little for her temper, as I am deaf as a stone.

Yours, &c.

TIMOTHY HARDCASTLE.

To Mr. TACK.

York.

I am a young woman, and married to a crabbed old fellow who will not allow me to go from home but under the care of his maiden sister. I hear that kissibeyos are all the fashion in London and abroad, so if you have a kissibeyo on your list, pray let me know.

Yours, &c.

SUSANNAH MORELOVE.

To Mr. TACK.

Leeds.

I am a widower about forty, and request your assistance in procuring me a wife. It is my wish to have one of a domestic turn; for during the seven years that I lived with my last wife, I verily believe that she did not spend three whole days at home. Her time was taken up with card playing, tea drinking, plays, and country excursions. If you have upon your books a good-like woman, about thirty years of age, and who has a wooden leg, I shall be glad to hear from you; but no other will suit me.

Yours, &c.

ISAAC STEADY.

ANSWER.

I have not a lady upon my list that answers your description; but I have an old maid who has a short and a long leg, and she commissions me to say, that if you will settle upon her eight hundred pounds a year, she will

submit to have the short leg taken off. Please to give me an answer by return of post, as the lady is very impatient. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS TACK.

To Mr. TACK.

Yorke.

If any pleasant young man in the army be disposed to take a pleasant young woman by the hand, and lead her to the temple of Hymen, he may hear at Mr. Tack's office, of a lady who is ready to give him ten thousand pounds for repeating the words "I will."

Yours, &c.

MARIA MEANWELL.

To Mr. TACK.

Liverpool.

About a fortnight ago, I married, on your recommendation, a sea captain, and have reason to complain of a shameful imposition on your part. On the wedding night I saw him

place upon my toilette a pair of false eyebrows, a complete set of false teeth, and a glass eye. I saw him unscrew a wooden arm, then a cork leg, and afterwards, when taking off his stock, I thought he was going to unscrew his head. However, that was not the case, and he hopped into bed much better than I expected. I was an old maid when I married him; so I shall console myself with the thoughts, that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Yours, &c.

DOROTHY GRIZZLE.

To Mr. TACK.

Lincoln.

I am a widower about sixty, with an income from the church of about twelve hundred pounds a year. It is my wish to marry a pleasant widow of about fifty, with an income sufficient to make up for the difference of family expenses. The rest to be left to Providence, for I have no estate in land or money. I am

of a social disposition, and neither smoke tobacco, drink punch, or go a hunting.

Yours, &c.

THOMAS EARLY.

To Mr. TACK.

Northampton.

I am a timorous old maid, and am sadly afraid of thieves and robbers. For these twenty years past, I have every night looked under my bed for a man, but never yet have found one. To prevent so much fear and anxiety, I am determined to marry, so put me down for a man of fifty, who has no objection to a good-humoured old maid, with a fortune of twelve thousand pounds.

Yours, &c.

DOROTHY PATIENCE.

To Mr. TACK.

Chichester.

I am a lively widow, with eight hundred pounds a year. My age twenty-five. I wish

to marry a gentleman of a sprightly disposition, but who hates reading. My late husband gave me a surfeit against all men of learning. They go to bed when they are asleep, and get up before they are awake. I love a gay military man, but I hate both a parson and a physician.

Yours, &c.

PRISCILLA LOCKIT.

To Mr. TACK.

Durham.

I am one of those whom the world deride under the appellation of an old maid; but I assure you that I have never shown a disposition to turn my back upon the world. I have employed much of my time in obtaining a competent knowledge of antient and modern history, and have neglected nothing that could add to the real improvement of the mind. I think myself qualified for domestic happiness, though I have not hitherto been fortunate enough to obtain it. With a good fortune, I wish to marry a man of learning, who prefers

social happiness to noise and dissipation. The church I dislike; the law I detest; but a well-educated medical man meets my wishes. If you have such a one upon your list, pray inform me, and I will send for him immediately to cure me of the heartburn.

Yours, &c.

PRISCILLA FAIRBURN.

To Mr. TACK.

Harrogate.

My stars! what an escape have I had! The person you recommended to me, turned out no gentleman, but a Yorkshire wool-stapler, though he wore a red coat. The discovery was made by my asking a friend why I was called at the Green Dragon, “The Golden Fleece.” The lady’s answer was, that the company bestowed the name upon me, “because my lover was a dealer in wool.” Indignant at the imposition, I instantly packed off your lindsey wolsey friend, and am now engaged to a captain in the royal navy, who

swears, that he will drub the wool-comber should he presume to look but once at me across the table. I do not blame you, as a person who holds a commission in a volunteer corps may readily pass muster at your office.

Yours, &c.

MARTHA MILLIKIN.

P. S. Captain Ogle and Miss Dimple were married yesterday, and immediately set out for his seat in Shropshire. That match does credit to your discernment.

To Mr. TACK.

Coventry.

I think it would be an improvement upon your plan, if you were to open a large room to be used as a morning promenade. And as it would only be frequented by lovers of both sexes, it would be right to have a plentiful supply of ice creams to cool the passions of those who may be too ardent and impatient. It would not be amiss if you were to have a

musical crash twice a week, and none but ladies and gentlemen permitted to perform. I am a married lady with many daughters, which makes me feel an interest in your favour.

Yours, &c.

ELIZABETH FORESIGHT.

To Mr. TACK.

Newcastle.

I am a bachelor of the age of 55, and, a few weeks ago, had the misfortune to lose an old housekeeper, she having married a recruiting sergeant who took a fancy to her money. All my servants here are as ignorant as if they had lived all their lives in one of my coal pits. The other day I invited a few friends to dine with me, and knowing but little of house-keeping, I ordered “five and five,” an expression that I had often heard my neighbour Jones make use of when ordering a dinner. To my great astonishment, and merriment of the company, my dinner was served up as follows.

FIRST COURSE.

At the top, a pease pudding.
At the bottom, a large ham.
On one side, a green goose.
On the other side, a piece of pickled pork.
In the middle, an apple pie.

SECOND COURSE.

At the top, a saddle of mutton.
At the bottom, boiled haddocks.
On one side, a beast's heart.
On the other side, a joul of salmon.
In the middle, tarts and cheesecakes.

I am, Mr. Tack, a man of good fortune; and only want a wife of about forty, who is well bred, and knows how to order a decent dinner when I have company, which is not very often. Provide for me soon, or I shall be starved in the midst of plenty. The wife that you got for my neighbour Jones, turns out one of the best wives in the county.

Yours, &c

JOHN MEANWELL.

To Mr. TACK.

Chichester.

Determining never to marry, I prevailed on my younger brother to take a wife, under promise that his children should inherit my estate. Since that time I have changed my mind, and wish to have a family of my own. What am I to do in this case?

Yours, &c.

JONAS TENDER.

ANSWER.

Coventry.

No promise whatever ought to bind you against an obedience to the first law of God; but you are under a moral obligation to protect your brother and his children. That you can only do by making an equal division of your estate between yourself and your brother, previous to your own marriage. You then may expect to be happy.

Yours, &c.

THOMAS TACK.

To Mr. TACK.

Norwich.

I had it confidently asserted by a learned Physician, that all old maids turned themselves in their coffins; and as I am a frequenter of places of religious worship, I am anxious to rise on the last day like the generality of other people, and not present myself improperly before so much good company. From what I have said, you will discover that I am an old maid, who in her present distress of mind, is disposed to fall into the arms of any man alive.

Yours, &c.

SUSANNAH BASHFUL.

To Mr. TACK.

Beverley.

A sprightly widow finding that she cannot keep over next summer, is desirous of giving her hand to a well-bred man in the army or navy. Being fond of reading, she will not object to a literary man, provided he has

the manners and behaviour of a gentleman ; but she objects both to a lawyer and a parson.

Yours, &c.

MARY MANLOVE.

To Mr. TACK.

Lincoln.

I hear you have opened a shop for the encouragement of matrimony ; and as I am only forty-five years of age, with a fortune of seven thousand pounds, I desire you will put me down as willing to marry a half-pay officer of good character, and who has sense enough to distinguish between a pert miss and a woman of prudence and discretion. I have a well furnished house, and every thing ready for the reception of a gentleman soldier.

Yours, &c.

TABITHA MORELOVE.

To Mr. TACK.

Dorchester.

I am a sprightly widow, between thirty and forty, and have no objection to give my hand

to a cheerful good humoured man a few years older than myself. I have a good income. Live much in town and keep my own carriage. I am distractedly fond of cards and town amusements, so the gentleman you recommend must be as distracted as myself; otherwise I. A. O.

Yours, &c.

MILDRED GENTLE.

To Mr. TACK.

Lincoln.

I am a giddy young girl of eighteen; and though I have two of the most indulgent parents in the world, I cannot help wishing to have a house of my own. A man with three thousand a year would just suit me. I must tell you that I am passionately fond of a currie and a pair of ponies; and you know, my dear Tack, that three thousand a year will do that, and something more. As I am a great talker, I wish my husband to be of a silent disposition, but to have a mine of good sense. I cannot boast of being tall; but I assure you that what

there is of me is very good. I neither paint nor wear a wig, so that my husband will have me as God made me. Lose no time, my dear Tack, as I am quite impatient to hang upon the arm of a man I may call my own.

Yours, &c.

SELINA PRATTLE.

At the Promenade, pieces of wit and humour were allowed to be stuck up, after the manner of the antient Garrulæ.

A DUET.

DINAH.

My dearest Tom, I like your house;
My dearest Tom, I like your grounds;
My dearest Tom, I like your hall;
But dearest Tom is best of all.

TOM.

My dearest Di, I like you well;
My dearest Di, I now will tell,
I really love you passing well;
So sexton ring the wedding-bell.

BOTH.

What comes next, a chopping boy,
The father's pride, the mother's joy,
Let's kiss away and never cloy,
And after that another boy.

Wonderful to tell, this love affair begun with so much warmth, ended soon after in coolness, occasioned by the lady's displeasure at the gentleman, for preferring a good dinner to an engagement with her. The intercourse was reciprocally broke off with great indifference on both sides, and in the following manner:

To TOM EASY.

I request your forbearance, so let me alone,
For I swear I will never be bone of your bone;
You're a gourmand in talking, and also in look,
If a wife you must have, pray marry your cook.

DINAH

D 2

ANSWER.

You tell me most frankly, I'm no longer to hope,
So welcome ragouts and a nice mutton chop.
For reasons you give, I'll marry Culina;
So health and repose to the saucy Miss Dinah.

TOM EASY.

ON FULL BOSOMS AND BARE ELBOWS.

The rosy girls of antient times,
Were flounced and furbelew'd;
But modern misses better judge,
And think all should be view'd.

CRAB.

ANSWER.

Old crabbed sir, it ill becomes,
When teeth are gone, to show your gums,
For really you can't bite.
And as for lectures from your gab,
We mind them not, my dearest Crab,
So wish you a good night.

CLEOPATRA.

CHARITY BALKED.

I saw a sailor on the moor,
Who had a wooden leg :
He look'd forlorn and very poor,
Which forced him to beg.
“ My heart with him does sympathize”
Said lovely Mary Locket;
But when she search'd, to her surprize,
She found she had no pocket.

QUIZ.

ANSWER.

When Pitt has got our very last shilling,
What need can we have for a pocket.
Poor girls have only themselves to bestow ;
Who likes me may take

MARY LOCKET.

TO TWO LADIES, THE ONE EMPLOYED IN KNITTING A
STOCKING, THE OTHER IN READING A NOVEL.

If you wish to be happy, be a nurser of time,
But to strangle it, sure is a terrible crime.
’Tis murder in fashion—and so without joking,
Burn the novel, and take to the knitting a stocking.

CRUSTY.

TO CRUSTY.

I surely, dear sir, must keep to my novel,
Till I first make a foot for a stocking.
So find me the man, and I'll trip to the church,
And take your advice—without joking.

A HUMBLE BILLET.

You may laugh at my legs, or say what you will;
No usage can stifle my love.
My sufferings are great; how cruel to kill
A harmless and innocent dove.
Though little, pray do not look over poor me,
But pat me and call me your lamb;
Every stroke that you give, most pleasant will be
To the heart and the soul of poor

SAM.

CUPID'S EMIGRATION.

No sooner had Cupid determin'd to go,
And fix his abode in the fair lady's toe,
But under the table such frolics were play'd,
By the feet of the men and the feet of the maid,
That decency forceed the god for to go
To the heart he forsook, when he took to the toe.

To Mr. TACK.

Coventry.

The humble petition of forty pair of exposed
Elbows, sheweth,

That your petitioners have, with an uncom-
mon degree of patience, withstood the severity
of two winters without gaining the least in-
crease of attention from the men, for whom we
have exposed so much beauty.

That by long exposure, the parts which in
former times were as smooth as marble, and
white as alabaster, have now become so coarse
that we can no longer endure the gibes and
tauntings of the common people, by whom we
are called “Roasters,” which opprobrious term,
as we conceive, has an allusion to the skin of a
roasted pig.

For these, and many other reasons of less
import, we appeal to your humanity for per-
mission to cover our exposed elbows, when at

your promenade, during the nipping blasts of the ensuing winter, and we will ever pray.

Signed at the request of forty pair of exposed Elbows,

THEODOSIA TRUELOVE.

To Mr. TACK.

Liverpool.

I thank you for one of the best wives a man was ever blessed with. We have now been six months married, and never onee had a dispute. It is not so with my brother Roger, who married an old maid on your reeommendation. She is so prudish and fantastieal, that I do not think that he has ever seen more of her than the tip of her nose. Her face is constantly mobbed, and day and night she wears gloves. She has persuaded my silly brother to wear lace to his night-eaps, and to have them ornamented with ribands, as she says, that she cannot bear the thoughts of lying in bed with any thing that looks like a

man. My wife, on the contrary, is buxom at bed and board, and makes me the happiest man in the universe.

Yours, &c.

WILLIAM TRUELOVE.

To Mr. TACK.

Bellerica in the Fens.

It is customary with the inhabitants of this place to take wives from the high country, and bring them down here, where they are sure to die in two or three years. Such a traffic is abominable, as it deprives me of my wedding fees, and is little better than murder under the law. Be therefore cautious in answering any letters from this place.

Yours, &c.

JOHN TRULLIBER.

To Mr. TACK.

Dorchester.

The writer of this is an old maid, and in possession of a few thousand pounds, obtained

chiefly by toad-eating and legacy-hunting. I live in a small-rented house, but being constantly in pursuit of the objects of my profession, I am but little at home. At this present time, I have three families upon my list; and from them I have good expectations. At their houses, I am treated with kindness, and in return I treat them with flattery and high-finished attention. Tho' I have not a spark of real friendship in my constitution, I have that which answers my purpose much better. Baffled in some tender attempts, I am reduced to the necessity of making a public declaration of my abilities, in hopes that you will obtain for me a smooth-tongued husband capable of assisting me in my pursuits.

Yours, &c.

MARY PLIANT.

To Mr. TACK.

Coventry.

Though I stipulated for three thousand a year, I did not suppose that from that you

was warranted to recommend to my notice such a hideous monster. I had a peep at him through my fan-sticks during the morning-service of yesterday. An absolute Caliban!— To stop all further proceedings, please to send him the inclosed.

I hate and detest so nasty a fellow;
Your nose it is red, your skin it is yellow;
You're as fat as a whale, with a paunch like a sow;
You're ready to fall when attempting a bow;
You're a poultice of oatmeal, of butter and grease;
So go to the devil whenever you please.

BARBARY BRISTLE.

ANSWER.

I sent your billet to the gentleman, and you may be assured that you will not be troubled with any further solicitations from him: all my fine fellows have but small fortunes; so if you wish for one of them you must make a considerable abatement in your demands.

Yours, &c.

THOMAS TACK.

To Mr. TACK.

Coventry.

I heard a lady remark the other day, but she is rather of a prudish turn, that your attempt to encourage a number of matches, was a wicked and immoral undertaking. Not being well read in the history of matrimony, I declined entering into the argument, meaning to give you an opportunity to defend your own conduct.

Yours, &c.

ARTHUR NEITHERSIDE.

To Mr. NEITHERSIDE.

Coventry.

The matches made under my direction, are more likely to prove happy than those made in the common way. I admit no gentleman to my confidence, without being well assured of the truth of his pretensions, neither do I receive from the ladies any thing less than positive proofs of their fortunes and expectations.

In both cases, I pay a strict attention to the temper and moral character of all those who honour me with their confidence, a thing not sufficiently attended to by parents and guardians in general. Of ninety matches, begun and ended, since I came to this place, only two have proved unhappy; and I appeal to the common sense of mankind if the balance of happiness be not in my favour. The promenade at my house, and the crash of music given twice a week, where ladies and gentlemen are the only performers, are in my opinion as innocent and as free from intrigue as the concert, the play-house, or a lady's rout, where matrimony, dear matrimony! is the string that leads to the heart of every unengaged lady and gentleman there.

Your obedient servant,
THOMAS TACK.

To Mr. TACK.

Coventry.

I think proper to inform you, that I am lady of the manor of Bondfield, in which your

house stands; and by an established custom, I have a right to pass the first night with every man who marries within the manor. I know that this business may be commuted for money, but the choice rests with me. There has not been a marriage in the manor within my memory (40 years), but as there is now a proof of many engagements of that kind, you will please to observe, that I mean to take my right, partly in money and partly in kind. Wishing you success,

I remain your friend,

DEBORAH GENTLE.

To Miss DEBORAH GENTLE.

Coventry.

When I took my house in Bondfield, I was not aware that you was lady of the manor, with such extensive powers and privileges. To-morrow I shall pay a quarter's rent, and give up the house, being well assured that

your powers would in a short time ruin my pretensions to public favour.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS TACK

At this time Mrs. Tack died, which melancholy event put an end to Harry's well-digested undertaking; but as he never suffered his spirits to be cast down, he embraced the favourable opportunity that offered of a new engagement with the widow of a puppet show man, who died about a fortnight before. The bargain was soon struck, and Harry was put in possession of a well-appointed puppet-show, for the management of which he was admirably calculated. Fortunately he came, in the course of his travels, to York, which place he made his head quarters; and from that centre he branched out to every market town and village in the kingdom. During his stay at York, the office of trumpeter to the High Sheriffs became vacant, when he was chosen into that

employment, in which he continued for the space of forty years, returning from his country excursions twice a year, to be present at the Assizes.

Grown old and infirm, he found himself under the necessity of disposing of his Puppets, and his wife dying at this time, he retired from his public office, oppressed with poverty and sickness ; and in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he died in the parish work-house.

On opening his box, the churchwardens, who considered themselves as his executors, discovered a large collection of manuscript plays and interludes, but all of which, excepting two, were only suited to the taste of the low audiences belonging to the different towns and villages where he exhibited. One of these was entitled “ The Sham Doctor,” and the other was a copy of Shakspeare’s Macbeth, with various readings. The first was fairly written for publication.

The remains of this most extraordinary man were deposited in the burial ground belonging to the parish work-house of St. Olave's; and as a tribute to his memory, the sexton composed the following homespun

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies the body of
HARRY ROWE,
Who, for the space of forty years,
held the office of chief Trumpeter
to the High Sheriffs of Yorkshire.

During his whole life time,
he was never known to give
a blast that tended to the dishonour,
of his King and Country, his favourite
airs being “ God save the King,” and
“ Rule Britannia.”

In his hours of jocularity, he used
to brag of his excellence over the
trumpet blowers of St. Stephen’s Chapel,
whose performances he held in the
utmost contempt.

Though a man
weary of the “ disastrous tugs with fortune,”
he preserved his integrity to the last
moment of his life, bequeathing to
posterity this useful memento,
that breath spent in the abuse of our
King and Country is most unworthily
employed.

1799.

THE

SHAM DOCTOR.

A MUSICAL FARCE.

BY HARRY ROWE.

WITH NOTES

By JOHN CROFT, WINE MERCHANT.

“LAST.

“But my master Tyth’em tells me, that I can get it done
“for pretty near the same price here in London.”

Devil upon two Sticks.

PREFACE.

IN my progress though various parts of England and Scotland, I often had occasion to request the assistance of a carpenter, to repair the damages occasioned by the blows given by my puppets to each other, in their different reunions. During my residence in a large town in the west of England, I had occasion to send for my old acquaintance Mr. Chip, to repair the bridge of Anna Bullen's nose, which Harry the Eight had broke the night before; but to my utter astonishment I found that Mr. Chip had commenced Doctor, on the strength of a degree obtained from St. Ambrose. I then sent for my friend Mr. Tack, formerly an upholsterer, and lately a druggist and vender of quack medicines, but he also had become a

Doctor, under a licence from Warwick Lane, where he was discovered to be *probum virum, et dignum qui admittetur ad praxin medecinae.* And yet, at this moment, so ignorant are those distinguished men, that the one cannot construe his licence, or the other his diploma. The price given by these gentlemen was only twelve guineas; an insignificant sum for the liberty of doing a great deal of mischief.

As the great man of the nation has successfully taxed packs of hounds, I am apprehensive that he may make up deficiencies by a tax upon puppets, in which case I shall relinquish my present employment, and commence Doctor; but I am undetermined whether I shall purchase my *diploma* from St. Ambrose, or be content with a licence from the college, in Warwick Lane.

HARRY ROWE.

Dramatis Personae.

Dr. WAX.

Mr. MUDGE, an Apothecary.

The LORD MAYOR.

ALDERMAN CRAPE, an Undertaker.

Dr. POTION,
Dr. MOTION,
} Regular Physicians.

MARROWBONE, a Journeyman.

TOM, GEORGE, and CHARLES, Apprentices.

PENDRAGON.

CAXON, a Porter.

FOOTBOY, PATIENTS, CONSTABLE, and ATTENDANTS.

Mrs. MUDGE.

MAID-SERVANT.

TIME

SHAM DOCTOR.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A STREET.*

Enter DR. POTION and DR. MOTION.

DR. POTION.

WHAT is your opinion, Dr. Motion, of the present epidemical Cynanche? Do you follow the *hot* or the *cold* regimen?

DR. MOTION.

A physician, Dr. Potion, who expects to become eminent in his profession, should have something singular in his practice; for which

reason, I have adopted the *luke-warm* regimen. So that when the *hot* and the *cold* doctor have alarmed a family, anxious for the recovery of a favourite child, the *luke-warm* physician, of course, is called in as Moderator. You understand me.

[Enter a Porter with hand-bills.—He delivers one to Dr. Potion.]

DR. POTION.

Be so obliging, Dr. Motion, as to read this bill, for I have got a steatomatous tumour upon my left eye-lid.

DR. MOTION.

Let me see.—The CELEBRATED DR. WAX, a Member of almost all the learned Societies in Europe, a Licenciate of Medicine, and Graduate of St. Ambrose, gives this public notice, that he may be consulted every Monday, Wednes-

day, and Friday, between the hours of twelve and two, at the shop of Mr. Mudge, Pharmacopolist, in Bilberry-street, where all persons labouring under known and unknown diseases, may receive a speedy, cheap, and certain cure. The Doctor publicly asserts his supremacy over every Member of the College; and for the truth of this assertion, he has only to appeal to thousands in this metropolis, who, from the highest degree of marasmus and atrophy, are now in the full enjoyment of health and spirits,—to the disgrace of some high characters in the healing art.

* * * The Doctor's fee, for advice and medicines, is only one shilling, to be returned if the patient be not relieved in twelve hours.

There's for you, Dr. Potion! high characters disgrac'd! and by a fellow, who, I am well informed, was brought up to a working trade, and who, at this very hour, follows the occupation of a shoemaker. An impudent

varlet!—I told you, Dr. Potion, when we gave this artful fellow a licence, that he would disgrace the college. Instead of settling in the country, as he promised, he has fixed himself within the very bills of mortality ; and, would you believe it! the street he lives in, is so crowded thrice a-week, that it has the appearance of a public execution. The question I asked him, on his examination was, “ Where does the pancreas lie.”—When, with the most consummate effrontery, he answered, “ About “ two miles from London.”—A plague on all such licences! (a)

DUET.

DR. POTION.

Dearest, dearest Dr. Motion,
How these cursed Quacks increase!
Oh that they were sunk i'th' ocean,
For they steal our golden fleece.

Ev'ry rogue a nostrum broaching,
Silly women to bewitch ;
Soon the rascal rides his coach in,
On a sudden growing rich.

DR. MOTION.

From such knaves my soul abhorrent,
With vexation turns her eyes;
How to stem this rising torrent,
Can we any means devise !

Let us give them elaterium,
Five-and-twenty grains a day;
That will soon produce delirium,
And will pack the knaves away.

BOTH.

We will give them elaterium,
Five-and-twenty grains a day;
That will soon produce delirium,
And will pack the knaves away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE——AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP IN LONDON.

MR. MUDGE, MARROWBONE, TOM, GEORGE,
CHARLES, CAXON, and FOOTBOY.

MR. MUDGE.

Bustle, bustle, my lads; the procession will
be here presently. Tom, form that mass of

Pil Rusi into pills of five grains each: Gild them well, and let them be directed to Lady Millington. George, make up an electuary of any soft stuff in the shop, no matter what, if it only keep your elbows in motion when my Lord Mayor passes by. Charles, spread a large blister for the nape of the neck, and another for the head; and, if asked, say they are for a great Politician, who has lately lost his senses. Mr. Marrowbone, you will take care to overlook the whole, and see that every thing be conducted with regularity and alertness: Be particularly careful that Caxon employs himself stoutly at the great mortar, and that the footboy rattles his sieve upon the counter with dexterity: I shall just step into the parlour, and when the procession enters the street, let me be called.

Exit

MARROWBONE.

This master of ours is a most unaccountable man indeed. Without any more private prac-

tice than would maintain a couple of spaniels, he preserves the appearance of full business, which gains him so much credit with his neighbours, that, to my knowledge, he has borrowed two hundred pounds annually for these three years past. That, however, is no business of ours, we live well and have easy places.

TOM.

Mr. Marrowbone, there is not a bit of Pil Rufi in the pot.

MARROWBONE.

Then step to the pastry cook's at the next door, and bring some paste instantly: When disguised, it will make a box of excellent pills. (b)

[*Exit Tom.*

CHARLES.

Won't that be very dishonest, Mr. Marrowbone? .

ARR OWBONE.

The word *honesty*, Charles, has a different signification in the city, from what it has in the country. The great Dr. Johnson, in the last edition of his Dictionary, has the word thus: **HONESTY**, a noun substantive. It is derived from **HONESTAS**, and formerly meant **TRUTH, SINCERITY, UPRIGHTNESS**, but now has a different signification. See **ROGUERY**.

SONG..

The world loves to be cheated;

As all wise men may see;

Then let the world be treated,

As it deserves to be.

CHOR. And a cheating we will go, will go, will go,

And a cheating we will go.

The Lawyer cheats us of our wealth,

Pretending wealth to give;

The Doctor cheats us of our health,

We die that he may live.

CHOR. And a cheating, &c

“The noisy Patriots all are cheats,
For Liberty who bawl,
For when the “greasy sop” is got,
The De’il may take you all.

CHOR. And a cheating, &c.

“The crafty Methodistic blade,
With eyes brimful of tears,
Devoutly hugs a pretty maid,
And bids her damn her fears.

CHOR. And a cheating, &c.

The Tradesman is a cunning cheat,
To cheat’s his golden rule ;
The wisest men live by deceit,
An honest man’s a fool.

CHOR. And a cheating we will go, will go, will go,
And a cheating we will go.

Re-enter TOM.

TOM.

I have brought the paste, Mr. Marrowbone;
what must I do with it ?

MARROWBONE.

Put it into the small brass mortar, and beat it up into a mass with a drachm of lamp-black, to be formed into pills of five grains each.— For the future, Charles, ask no questions, but do as you are commanded, and keep faithfully and honestly the secrets of the shop, to which you are bound by your indentures.

ALL.

We will be as secret as the grave, Mr. Marrowbone.

MARROWBONE.

Sir, Sir, the procession is entering the street; I hear the music at a distance.

Enter MR. MUDGE.

MR. MUDGE.

All hands to work, my lads.—The great mortar sounds much too sharp.

CAXON.

I have nothing to put into it, Sir.

MR. MUDGE.

Put that into it, you blockhead. [Pulling off his woollen night-cap.] Now there is something to work upon. George, move your elbows a little faster.—You boy, rattle your sieve a little smarter. Bravo ! Bravo !

[Walks backward and forward smartly.

[Enter a procession of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, returning from Guildhall, with music. When the Lord Mayor comes opposite to the shop, Mr. Mudge respectfully bows to him.]

LORD MAYOR.

fear, Mr. Mudge, the city is very sickly.

MR. MUDGE.

It is, my Lord: And I assure your Lordship, that at this present moment, I have no less than seventy patients at the point of death.

MARROWEONE.

Seventy-three, Sir, upon the day-book.

MR. MUDGE.

Yes, seventy-three, my Lord,—all of whom are under a course of my Black Antipestilential Pills; and I will engage for it, that not above one in the whole number shall die. Nay, my Lord, I have cured people even after they *were* dead. For, according to the doctrine of a celebrated philosopher, no man is properly dead till he is rotten; and, I assure your Lordship, that this great discovery has not only filled my pockets, but has considerably decreased the bills of mortality. I have just now four dead

men under a course of my Reviving Embrocation. One has already stirred his right leg,—another has mov'd his left eye-lid,—and Mr. Cotillon, the dancing-master, who has been two days dead, will, I hope, within a week, be able to dance a minuet;—and my fourth patient, a waiter at the Devil Tavern, has been heard to cry, “‘Coming, Sir,’” as he lay in his coffin.

LORD MAYOR.

These are wonderful cures, Mr. Mudge !

MR. MUDGE.

Wonderful indeed, my Lord Mayor!—Death, my Lord, is now quite undone. He may sell his scythe to some Irish haymaker, and his hour-glass to the proprietors of the Tabernacle. Ha! ha! ha! Upon my word, my Lord Mayor, it is truly comical to see people walking the streets, after lying at the bottom of the

Thames for a fortnight! And no longer ago than last Friday, a man was taken to an Undertaker's in Grace-church-street, for interment, having fallen from the top of the Monument, upon a cart loaded with hay. At first the Undertaker denied me entrance; but having obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus, I gained admittance, and in a few hours, sent the man home to his family, without any other damage than the loss of two fore-teeth, which I am in hopes of replacing as soon as the scavenger has found them. (c)

SONG.

Deck'd with scutcheon, pall, and plume,
The coach and hearse arrive;
To the destin'd door they come,
Where's the dead man? "He's alive."

"With bellows, drops, and embrocation,
"Doctor Mudge he came to-day,
"He restor'd his circulation,
"Gave his lungs again to play."

Now you all may sing and roar,
Ever jovial laugh at death;
My drops shall drive him from your door,
And restore your fleeting breath.

LORD MAYOR.

Pray, Mr. Mudge, let me have a box of your Pistilential Pills, and a bottle of Brocation, for I think no good family should be without them.

MR. MUDGE.

Your Lordship shall have them to-morrow. Those upon the counter are for a Mr. Smallwood, of Berkshire, of whom I bought an estate the other day, value seven thousand pounds; and if I would give the world, I know not how to raise the last five hundred, without selling out.

LORD MAYOR.

My good friend, Mr. Mudge, bring the pills to-morrow, and think no more of the five

hundred. You shall have it upon your note, and twice as much if you want it.

MR. MUDGE.

I shall wait upon your Lordship to-morrow forenoon, but beg that the money may not be engaged to me, for if stocks rise in the Alley, I shall certainly sell.

LORD MAYOR.

I hope they will fall, Mr. Mudge.—You will, however, eat some turtle with me to-morrow at five.

MR. MUDGE.

Your Lordship is very kind.

LORD MAYOR.

Good Morrow, Mr. Mudge.

[*The procession moves on. When Alderman Crape comes opposite to Mr. Mudge, the following short dialogue takes place.*]

ALDERMAN CRAPE.

You are a vile rascal, Mr. Mudge ; and when you die, you must not expect the burial of a Christian.

MR. MUDGE.

I never offended you, Mr. Crape, in my life ; and, I assure you, it is my utmost ambition to live upon good terms with all my neighbours.— Mr. Alderman Crape, the *Undertaker*, in particular.

ALDERMAN CRAPE.

The Faculty were formerly my best friends, but you, Mr. Mudge, have ruined the whole fraternity. In a little time we shall have nothing left to bury but lap-dogs and kept mistresses.

SONG.

‘Tis hard in this land, for freedom renown’d,
A man cannot quietly fall to the ground ;
There yield up his breath, and fast close his eyes,
But you come like a prophet and bid him arise.

You come with your bellows, and damn’d embrocations,
Your blisters, and glisters, and strong fumigations :
New health, and new strength, and new spirits you give,
And, without his *consent*, you compel him to live. (6)

You are a most abominable villain, Mr. Mudge !
—a most abominable villain, indeed !

[*The procession moves off.*

ACT II.

SCENE —— AN APOTHECARY’S SHOP.

MR. MUDGE, MARROWBONE, TOM, GEORGE,
CHARLES, CAXON, and FOOTBOY.

MR. MUDGE.

It is now past twelve o’clock, and no Doctor :—I fear the fellow has some thoughts of

leaving us ; for, if you remember, Mr. Marrow-bone, he has of late been remarkably careless ; and no longer ago than last Wednesday, he complained that our *ling-liver oil* stunk most abominably ; when the blockhead should have known, that the excellence of a medicine rises in proportion as it stinks. But here comes the Doctor.

Enter DR. WAX, dressed like a Shoemaker.

DR. WAX.

Your servant, Mr. Mudge, your servant.

MR. MUDGE.

I began to think you late, Doctor.

DR. WAX.

You had no reason to complain of my punctuality, Mr. Mudge. I assure you I have had *tempting* offers. My present terms with you,

Mr. Mudge, are these: The use of a black suit of clothes, and tye-wig, when I am *in* my profession—I mean *out* of my profession. For though I have gone a little beyond my *last*, I am still a shoemaker as you all know.

ALI.

Ha! ha! ha!

DR. WAX.

You are also by agreement, to provide me with a pair of laced ruffles, and a dinner, on the days that I prescribe, together with ten shillings and sixpence in hard money. Now, what I propose is, that you will make the sum up fifteen shillings, and, at the same time, engage to take your shoes of me.

MR. MUDGE.

Agreed.—And now, Doctor, what made you so late to day?

DR. WAX.

To tell you the truth, Mr. Mudge, I was debating with Mrs. Wax whether I had not better give over the trade of a Doctor. My conscience said, Yes; my wife and five children said, No.

MR. MUDGE.

A plague on your conscience! A Doctor with a conscience is no Doctor at all. Do you think that Dr. Mead, and Dr. Radcliffe, could have left ninety thousand pounds behind them, if they had had any conscience! When I got you a licence last year, did not I tell you that you must forswear all conscience: It is one of the most troublesome things a wise man can carry about with him. But our patients will be here presently, so let us retire to dress for their reception. Say not one word more about conscience, Doctor.

DR. WAX.

Not one word more about it, as I hope for
forgiveness in the next world.

[*Exeunt* Mr. Mudge, Dr. Wax, Apprentices,
and Footboy.

MARROWBONE.

Well might our master talk against con-
science ; he is one of the most unconscionable
rogues that ever broke bread. Suppose you
and I, Caxon, were to preserve the small stock
of conscience we have left, and turn Methodists.
You have an excellent voice for a groan, and I
think I can do something as a preacher. Me-
thodism is one of the best religions upon earth,
for good eating. You remember Strap, a thin
meagre fellow of a barber, that lived, or rather
existed, at the next door ; he is now grown so
sleek and fat, by constantly preaching against
the good things of this world, that I protest I

mistook him the other day, for Mr. Swill, the mild-ale brewer in the Minories. Besides, it is whispered abroad, that the leading men of the Tabernacle intend to petition Parliament, “ That every man may have two wives ; ” a *Winter* wife, and a *Summer* wife.

CAXON.

But if Parliament, Mr. Marrowbone, should not grant their petition : — What then ?

MARROWBONE.

In that case, Caxon, they will UNANIMOUSLY
RESOLVE “ To have no wives at all.” (e)

SONG.

By custom ty'd up, and chain'd fast for his life,
The man sure is bold whoe'er marries a wife,
To have and to hold, for better for worse,
As Madam turns out a blessing or curse.

CHOR. But a pious old Doctor has taught a new way,
And open'd our eyes by his Thelyphthora.

Should your rib prove unkind ; again you may wed,
And a score at a time you may take to your bed ;
You have nothing to do but to rifle their charms,
And call for fresh maids, blushing maids, to your arms.

CHOR. — For a pious old Doctor, &c.

He plainly has prov'd what in Scripture we're told,
That your Abrahams, and Isaacs, and Patriarchs of old,
From low superstition and prejudice free,
All, all knew the blessings of Polygamy.

CHOR. Then thank the good Doctor who has taught a new way,
And open'd our eyes by his Thelyphthora. (f)

CAXON.

Hush ! here comes the Doctor.

Enter DR. WAX, MR. MUDGE, APPRENTICES,
and FOOTBOY.

[*The Doctor is conducted to his seat with great ceremony. The patients come in and range themselves in order. A table before the Doctor, with pen, ink, and paper.*] .

DR. WAX.

During the course of my practice, I have observed that in cold weather, cold diseases prevail, and in hot weather, hot diseases; for which reason, I take care to have this shop well supplied with medicines according to the respective seasons. This being a very cold day, I shall only prescribe hot things; so I hope, Mr. Mudge, you are well stocked with powdered ginger, allspice, horse-radish, and Cayenne pepper, for the use of the diseased persons now before me.

MR. MUDGE.

We are provided, Sir, with a most excellent stock.

DR. WAX.

I also hope you have laid in a good quantity of soot, an approved remedy for low spirits.

MR. MUDGE.

I have the sweepings of four chimnies in the next room. But pray, Doctor, what are the reasons why soot is so generally prescribed in lowness of spirits?

DR. WAX.

I will tell you.——Some years ago, a member of our college, having frequent occasion to pass through St. Paul's Churchyard, remarked that the young chimney-sweepers, stationed in that neighbourhood, were constantly in high spirits. This observation he communicated to some learned members of the college, who, improving upon the remark, invented that wonderful medicine called Tinetur of Soot. The college, however, have recommended an improper kind of soot: For, I take upon me to say, that soot from the Lord Mayor's kitchen, after a city feast, differs as essentially from that taken from the wood-fire of a parish workhouse,

as does a cup of brandy, from a glass of cold water. But let us proceed to business.— You with a red face come forward. I see you are troubled with a cold scurvy. How long have you had it?

FIRST PATIENT.

Near two years, Doctor.—The humour is very hot indeed..

DR. WAX.

I tell you it is very cold, and a true Norway scurvy. Give this patient an electuary of Cayenne pepper and flour of mustard.

MARROWBONE.

Take this, as directed, and wash it down with three spoonfuls of geneva and water.— You are to pay one shilling. *Exit 1st Patient.*

DR. WAX.

You in the blue coat, come forward. Describe your complaints.

SECOND PATIENT.

I have a violent pain in my side, which my neighbours call a pleurisy. I got it by falling down stairs when I was drunk for Admiral Blank's great victory over the Indians.

DR. WAX.

Give this patient an electuary of mustard and ginger, to keep his patriotism warm. [*Exit 2d Patient.*] You in the grey coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

THIRD PATIENT.

I write for the Ministry. My complaints are a swimming in the head, with a constant craving for food.

DR. WAX.

I will have nothing to do with writers for the Ministry. They have a Dispensary of their own. (g)

[*Exit 3d Patient.*

You in the brown coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

FOURTH PATIENT.

I am a writer against the Ministry. My complaints are an obstinate hoarseness, and rising of the lights. I have bad nights and horrid dreams.

DR. WAX.

I can do you no service. If you are good for any thing the Ministry will cure you.

[*Exit 4th Patient.*

Enter PENDRAGON.

PENDRAGON.

Let me have twelve pennyworth of Wade's Balsam.

MARROWBONE.

We only dispense medicines, Sir, we sell none. You may be a patient if you please, Sir. The Doctor is ready, and will give you advice upon moderate terms.

PENDRAGON.

Stand a side, ye vile excrescences of the earth! and let me have a few words with the Doctor.—Look at me, Sir.

DR. WAX.

Pray, Sir, what is your profession, and what are your complaints?

PENDRAGON.

I am by profession a soldier, and if I have a complaint,—it is an unquenchable thirst after military glory.

MR. MUDGE.

That is a strange disease indeed, and as strange that before now you should not have found a cure for it.

DR. WAX.

Suppose, Sir, you were to embark for Gibraltar.

PENDRAGON.

No! Though I am brave, I am not a Salamander.

MR. MUDGE.

Suppose you were to go into America.

PENDRAGON.

Cowards! Dastardly cowards all!—Pendragon will never stain his sword with the blood of cowards. (b)

MR. MUDGE.

Suppose you were to serve a campaign against the Turks.

PENDRAGON.

No! At this moment my country trembles under the apprehension of invasion from the French, Spaniards, Dutch, Americans, and the whole world.—At such a crisis, my services cannot be dispensed with.—Zounds, I shall burst with rage!—Do you laugh at me, you pitiful villain?

[*To 5th Patient:*

FIFTH PATIENT

You really remind me so much of Captain

Bobadil, in the Play, that it was not in my power to refrain from laughing.

PENDRAGON.

I will cut you into shreds, you vile representative of a man! [Draws a long sword.

FIFTH PATENT.

I know nothing of the sword, but at cudgels I am your man.

SONG.

PENDRAGON.

Honour and arms scorn such a foe,
Tho' I could end thee at a blow;
Poor victory to conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow;
Vanquish a slave that is half slain,
So mean a triumph I disdain.

And yet I *must* cudgel the dog.—Bring cudgels instantly.—Quick.

[Mr. Marrowbone brings cudgels from under the counter. The combatants take a bout or two in the street, and Pendragon is worsted.]

PENDRAGON.

This is not a soldier's weapon. A truce. I will not waste my courage upon a man no bigger than a ninepin.

FIFTH PATIENT.

I am the better man of the two ; so stand upon your defence. [Beats him.

PENDRAGON.

My eyes grow dim, and the street turns round with me. Carry me off. Bind up my wounds ! Bind up my wounds !

[Faints and is carried off.

SIXTH PATIENT.

There goes the vile representative of a man!

Enter a Woman, who places herself behind the 5th Patient.

DR. WAX.

You bold little fellow with the waistcoat under your arm, come forward. What are your complaints?

FIFTH PATIENT.

I have, Doctor, so many complaints that I hardly know where to begin. In the first place, I have a termagant vixen of a wife, who has worn me almost as thin as my measure. Was she to—

WOMAN.

What!—me a termagant!—me a vixen!—

I'll pull your eyes out, you white-livered villain. I thought, as how, I should find you out ; and here it is you spend all your money in pills and pots of electuary. I tell you, gentlemen, if you encourage my husband any longer, me and my poor children must go to the workhouse. The French gentleman who lodges at our house, says, as how he is a Mal-imaginary man, and cannot be cured.

MR. MUDGE.

Woman, you are mad, and if you do not behave better, I shall have you sent to Bedlam.

WOMAN.

Me mad !—me a termagant !—me a vixen !—Sir, I'll box you—this waistcoat to half-a-crown.—Give me the waistcoat, you pale-faced villain.

FIFTH PATIENT.

Dear Molly, be peaceable. It belongs to Mr. Screw, my Lord Wiseacre's butler, and if I should lose it, I must never expect to hear a word more of the siege of Gibraltar, nor of Lord Cornwallis, nor of General Clinton, nor of Port Mahon, nor of Hyder-Ally, nor of the Taxes, nor of the North-River, nor of Lord George Gordon, nor of—

WOMAN..

Hold your peace, I say, or I'll trim your jacket. Now, come on—[throws down the waistcoat, and puts herself in a posture of defence.]—This waistcoat to half-a-crown.

MR. MUDGE.

Mistress, it is below my dignity to fight with a woman; so here is a crown for you. Carry

your husband home, and be assured that he shall never be permitted to lay out another six-pence in my shop.

WOMAN.

I thank you, gentlemen.—Come along you Mal-imaginary villain.

DUET.

FIFTH PATIENT.

Let not rage your bosom firing,
Pity's softer flame remove ;
Spare poor Jerry, just expiring,
Rack'd by illness, lost in love.

WOMAN.

Yes, Sir, rage my bosom firing,
Paltry pity shall submit,
I'll not spare you tho' expiring
In a raging cholic fit.

Am I a mad woman!—am I a termagant!—
am I a vixen!—am I a vixen!

[Beats him off with the waistcoat.

DR. WAX.

You in the black coat come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

SIXTH PATIENT.

I am a Curate. My complaint is the bloody flux, contracted by sitting up late, writing verses for the good of my country.

DR. WAX.

You might have been better employed in writing sermons for the good of your parishioners.—How long have you had this complaint?

SIXTH PATIENT.

I have been ill near two months, and during all that time I have been under the care of an eminent physician ; but I am now reduced so low that I am ready to sink into the earth.

DR. WAX.

Zounds !—your physician has murdered you. He has scraped your guts as thin as a pocket handkerchief ; and if you had not come to me, you would have been in the hands of the undertaker within a week. I suppose you have taken plenty of physic, for the benefit of the apothecary. That is the way of all those eminent men ; but I shall proceed in a different manner, so will cure you without any physic at all.

SIXTH PATIENT.

I shall be very thankful for the change, as I loath the very sight of an electuary, or a box of pills.

DR. WAX.

Attend to me.—You must breakfast upon tripe;—You must dine upon tripe;—You must sup upon tripe;—and, if you keep steady to this regimen, you may venture, in less than a month, to challenge a Lincolnshire ox for strength of bowels. (¹)

SIXTH PATIENT.

I shall most punctually observe your directions; and, in the mean time, I am your much obliged and obedient servant.

[*Exit 6th Patient.*

DR. WAX.

You in the grey coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

SEVENTH PATIENT.

I am a poet. My complaint is the windy cholic.

DR. WAX.

That is a common complaint with gentlemen of your profession. I suppose you are a politician too, as all poets are politicians now-a-days.

SEVENTH PATIENT.

I am, Sir.—And I speak with exultation, when I inform you, that there has not a ministry come in or gone out, for these seven years past, without my having a hand either in their promotion or disgrace: But the promises of great men are now so little to be depended on, that I have determined to turn my back upon party, and, instead of reforming the nation, endeavour to reform myself.

DR. WAX.

Give us a specimen of your reformation.

SONG.

SEVENTH PATIENT.

Ye great Statesmen all,
Who in St. Stephen's Hall,
For the glory and good of the nation,
Arise for to bawl,
At Liberty's call,
And thunder for some reformation,

It is the old story,
This damn'd Whig and Tory,
That dismembers and ruins the land ;
And the scriptures with me,
In this point agree,
“ A nation divided can't stand.”

Come Britons, make ready,
Be loyal and steady,
You then shall be great as you're free ;
And the nations around,
Will bow to the ground,
And worship the lords of the sea.

DR. WAX.

Give this patient a pint of sack, and a box of caraway comfits. The one will cure his bowels, and the other will mend his poetry.

[Exit 7th Patient.]

You in the red coat come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

EIGHTH PATIENT.

I will not trouble your honour with my complaints, as I only come to beg a box of Black Basilicon to dress an old wound, got in the service of my king and country. As to my profession, I follow the fashionable one of a beggar. (k)

DR. WAX.

Give the old soldier a box of salve for nothing, and desire him to give us one of his best songs.

SONG—SLANG.

EIGHTH PATIENT.

Why, good people all, at what do you pry,
Is't the stump of my arm or my leg,
Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye,
Or is it to see me beg?

Lord love you, hard fortune is nothing at all,
And he's but a fool and a dunce,
Who expects when he's running full butt'gainst a wall,
Not to get a good rap on the sconce.

If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,
Surely I choose the best of the three;
Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find,
That in this bad world there's some charity.

For a soldier I listed to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a-day:
Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
For how could I live on my pay?

I went to the wars to fight the king's foes,
Where the bullets came whistling by,
Till they swiv'led three ribs, broke the bridge of my nose,
Queer'd my napper, and knoek'd out an eye.

Well, what of all this, I'd my legs and my arms,
And at Chelsea to lie up was free,
Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and stormis,
And bless his good Majesty's charity.

But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
Away, while the frolie was warm,
In seareh of good fortune I sail'd the salt seas,
And so loses my leg and my arm.

With two strings to my bow, I now thought myself surc,
But such is the fortune of war,
As a Lobster at Greenwicheh they showed me the door,
At Chelsea they ealled me a Tar.

So falling to nothing between these two stools,
I, the whole world before me, was free,
To ask eomfort from misers and pity from fools,
And live on that air, men's charity..

And what now of all this here patter at last,
How many who hold their heads high,
And in Fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,
Are but beggars as well as I.

The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure,
For a smile beg your amorous elves;
Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for the poor,
Just to pamper and fatten themselves.

Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of mankind,
As by daily experience we see ;
And as times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

Exit 8th Patient.

DR. WAX.

Desire the gentleman in the white coat to come forward. Pray, Sir, what business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

NINTH PATIENT.

I am a member of the London Association.

K

DR. WAX.

Then I suppose you are full of complaints.

NINTH PATIENT.

I see every thing crooked, and I have such a confused notion of colours, that I often mistake white for black. Red is so offensive, that I propose to move at our next meeting, that the whole army be clothed in black.

MR. MUDGE.

Pray, Sir, what was done at your last meeting?

NINTH PATIENT.

We resolved, That rotten boroughs should be lopped off:—That aristocracy should be humbled:—that monarchy should be weakened;—and, that King Log should be placed on the throne. All subordination will then cease, and no man will be higher than his neighbour.

Nothing will be bigger or better than another. A pint will be as large as a quart, and a shilling will be as good as a guinea. The sun will be made to shine both day and night, and the moon, in charity, will be sent to Greenland. Universal content will reign, and there will not be a murmur heard in the streets. Whig and Tory, Protestant and Papist, Long Wool and Short Wool will lose their distinctions, and every hill and every dale will echo back—

“ Who are so happy, so happy as we.” (1)

DR. WAX.

Poor man, how he raves—(*Aside*). Your case, Sir, requires great consideration; you will therefore call again on Friday, at the usual hour.

NINTH PATIENT.

I thank you, gentlemen.—“ And who are so happy, so happy as we.”

[*Exit 9th Patient singing.*

DR. WAX.

Let the gentleman in the white wig come forward.—Pray, Sir, what are your complaints?

TENTH PATIENT.

I labour under a constant watchfulness, occasioned by sitting up late, planning schemes in favour of universal liberty.

MR. MUDGE.

Pray, Sir, what are your schemes?—for, if I mistake not, you are one of those who instead of strengthening the bonds of human society, have torn them asunder; and instead of keeping up the harmony of subordination, have let every man loose upon his neighbour, to the subversion of all order and good government.

TENTH PATIENT.

When you have heard my schemes, you will think better of them.—My first plan is, To open all the jails and places of confinement throughout the kingdom ; for no man ought to be deprived of liberty, by the force of any laws, to which he has not given his personal consent. My next plan is, That all children, on completing their first year, be exposed in the public streets, with liberty to creep into any house most agreeable and convenient to them ; for all cribs, cradles, and back-strings, are infringements upon human liberty, and ought not to be tolerated in a free country. (")

MR. MUDGE.

I suppose the famous jail-delivery of the year eighty, was of your planning.

TENTH PATIENT.

It was ;—but the plan was defeated, by the prisoners making no distinction between liberty and licentiousness.

MR. MUDGE.

If you go on at this rate, your friends will take out a statute of lunacy against you.

TENTH PATIENT.

I will not be confined. —— I *will* be mad if I please. —— I will *not* be mad if I please ; and no man shall deprive me of liberty :— A year, a day, an hour of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage !

[*Exit 10th Patient.*

DR. WAX.

Desire the gentleman in boots to come for-

ward.—Pray, Sir, what business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

ELEVENTH PATIENT.

I am huntsman to Sir Barnaby Careless. My complaint is a want of wind.

DR. WAX.

That is more the disease of a horse than of a man.

ELEVENTH PATIENT.

With sportsmen, Doctor, there is no difference. What is good for the one is good for the other.

DR. WAX.

Give this patient a pot of Markham's Balls.

[Exit 11th Patient.]

DR. WAX.

You in the drab coat, come forward.—What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

TWELFTH PATIENT.

I have the care of a pot-farm, belonging to a physician. My complaint is a constant sickness, occasioned by being obliged to taste and smell the various stinking composts, which my master is daily inventing for the nourishment of vegetables.

DR. WAX.

Why don't you apply to your master for advice?

TWELFTH PATIENT.

In truth, Sir, he is so much taken up with experiments in agriculture, that he has no time

to think of his patients. — During the time we were nursing a sick potatoe, no less than seven patients slipped thro' his fingers ; and, about a month ago, he was a whole hour in debating whether he should save a turnip-rooted cabbage, or the life of a first-rate speaker in the House of Commons. He at last decided in favour of the cabbage, which soon recovered, but the gentleman died.

MR. MUDGE.

Then I suppose your master is a ruined man.

TWELFTH PATIENT.

Quite the contrary. — His reputation increased upon the occasion ; and there was not a coffee-house, between the Royal Exchange and St. James's, in which his medical abilities were not spoken of in terms of the highest approbation.

MR. MUDGE.

Did the gentleman go with the Majority or the Minority.

TWELFTH PATIENT.

I am no politician, Sir ; but I know he was a violent man on one side.

DR. WAX.

I would advise you to leave your master's service immediately, and go into the country, where you will have the benefit of pure air ; the only thing wanted in your case. (n)

TWELFTH PATIENT.

I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit 12th Patient.*

DR. WAX.

You with the dropsy, come forward.

THIRTEENTH PATIENT.

It is no dropsy, Doctor: It is all wind. My neighbours call it a Tympany.

DR. WAX.

You are a lucky man in being worth a Tympany. It will be an estate to you. Go to Oxford, and at the sign of "Father, Mother, and Suke," you will find a Doctor who buys bowel-air at sixpence a quart, for the use of consumptive persons.

MR. MUDGE.

Go down directly, and live upon pease-pudding till your fortune be made. (°)

THIRTEENTH PATIENT.

I most sincerely thank you gentlemen.

[Exit 13th Patient.]

DR. WAX.

You in the white waistcoat, come forward.—
What business do you follow, and what are your
complaints?

FOURTEENTH PATIENT.

I am clerk to an Insurance-Office, and I verily
believe I have as many complaints as there are
blanks in the Lottery.—I have this morning
consulted no less than three physicians.

DR. WAX.

Regulars,—I suppose !

FOURTEENTH PATIENT.

Yes, Sir, they were all men of the first emi-
nence.

DR. WAX.

And what did those men of eminence say ?

FOURTEENTH PATIENT.

The first told me that I must take a vomit.—The second said, that a vomit would kill me, and recommended a purge.—The third said, that if I took the one or the other, I would be a dead man within three days, so he prescribed a sweat.—Now, Sir, which ever advice I took, it was just two to one against me.

DR. WAX.

And so those Regulars have this morning picked your pocket of three guineas ; a sum that, in my hands, would have kept you alive these seven years.—Mr. Marrowbone, give this patient a full pot of my Everlasting Carminative.

L

The price is only one shilling ; and, for this one shilling, I will underwrite your constitution for twelve months to come.

[*Exit 14th Patient.*

My blood boils when I think of those Regulars. This day I had put into my hands a new Horn-book, which they call a Dispensatory, in which there is not a pill or an electuary that has not got a new name. I tell you, Mr. Mudge, that I will not cure the King's subjects by any names but the old ones :—With Dr. Wax, a spade shall always be a spade ; and damn me, if ever I order a fomentation, or a glyster, to be prepared with distilled water.—(?)—You in the yellow waistcoat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

FIFTEENTH PATIENT.

I am a scullion in the Prince of Wales's kitchen. My complaint is the Phthysic.

DR. WAX.

I suppose there are rare doings in your kitchen.

FIFTEENTH PATIENT..

We dress more meat for the poor than for the rich ; and give me leave to say, that was the Prince's purse as full as his heart, there would not be a poor man in the kingdom.

DR. WAX.

You are an honest fellow ; and, as a proof of my regard for your Royal Master, I will, within a week, make you a pair of lungs, that shall shout, GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, from one end of Downing-street to the other.

[Exit 15th Patient.]

You in the surtout, come forward.—What business do you follow, and what are your complaints ?

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I live in Carnaby-market, Sir, and am a green-grocer. My complaint is a Kexy.

DR. WAX.

It is well you came to me, for I am the only physician in all England that knows how to cure a Kexy. It is a very obstinate and dangerous disease, to which all persons who sit in open shops are very liable.

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I assure you, Doctor, that mine does not come from that cause; for during the nine years that I sat in an open shop, there was not a more healthy man in all the street: but it came upon me by hard study, and sitting up late reading physic, to qualify myself for a doctor.

DR. WAX.

A doctor!—a green-grocer and a doctor!—all the world are turning doctors!—There is not a blind alley without a doctor!.

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I confess, Sir, I should never have thought of being a doctor, had it not been for a woman, who, about two months ago, came to my shop for a pennyworth of Cardus. She wanted to consult me for a child that lay sick of a fever in Hound's-ditch. I told her honestly, that though I sold herbs, I was no doctor. The good woman shook her head,—I shall never forget it, and said, it was a pity I did not go through with it, for I was half made.

DR. WAX.

She was a wicked woman for putting such a thought into your head.—And now I suppose you mean to shut up your shop, and practice physic.—You are a very impudent fellow.

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I am sure, Sir, I have as much learning and common sense as my neighbour, Dr. Last, who rides in his chariot, and looks as big as any of them.

DR. WAX.

A man may look very big, and still be no doctor.—But, pray, Sir, how do you propose to get a licence!—If you come before the college, we will ask you such questions as shall make your hair stand on end.

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I do not intend to come before you at all. As soon as I have gone through “Culpepper’s Midwifery,” and “Every Man his own Doctor,” I shall apply to two substantial Housekeepers for a testimonial of my character; which, with twelve guineas, will get me a degree from St. Ambrose, without any questions at all.

DR. WAX.

Turn that impudent fellow out of the shop.—
I would sooner be damn'd than cure his Kexy :
—Turn him out. (9) [Exit 16th Patient.
I think Caxon would make a better doctor than
that impudent fellow, the green-grocer. *He*
has really smelt powder.

CAXON.

I have, Sir :—and tho' I say it that should
not say it, I knows Clamus Maticus from
Gentian, which is a bold word for a man in
my station. But the trade is now so over-
done, that I would not give a glass of gin for
a licence.

DR. WAX.

Take care of what you say concerning the
college. Speak reverently of wise men.

CAXON.

I only speaks what I knows.

MR. MUDGE.

Silence, Caxon, or I shall confine you to
your mortar.

DR. WAX.

You in the green coat, come forward.—
What business do you follow, and what are
your complaints?

SEVENTEENTH PATIENT.

I am second rat-catcher to a great Assembly,
but having nearly lost the use of my limbs,
I am rendered incapable of getting my
living.

DR. WAX.

Go to the Medicated Baths, at Knight's-Bridge, and in a week's time you will be able to run as fast as a greyhound.

[Exit 17th Patient.

You in the green and gold, come forward.— What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

EIGHTEENTH PATIENT.

I do teach Grown Gentleman and Lady to dance; but I have got so moch Rheumatic, dat I can nor rise nor saink.

DR. WAX.

Go to the Vapour Baths, and they will make you as supple as an eel.

EIGHTEENTH PATIENT.

Vil de Gentlemans cure me for noting, for I have got no monies?

DR. WAX.

Probably they will.

EIGHTEENTH PATIENT.

Den me vil tank de Gentlemans, and all my
Scoler vil tank de Gentlemans too.

[*Exit 18th Patient.*

SONG.

DR. WAX.

In story we're told,
By the poets of old,
How Venus rose out of the sea ;
'Twas a vapour gave birth,
To the fairest on earth,
The Goddess and Queen of Beauty, Beauty,
The Goddess and Queen of Beauty.

A bath of warm vapour,
Will make you to caper,
As light and as brisk as a roe ;
Then as fast as you may,
Take yourselves hence away,
And into the stewing-pot go, pot go,
And into the stewing-pot go.

I assure you, Mr. Mudge, I have seen more cures performed by these Baths, than by all the medicines of the college.

MR. MUDGE.

Begging your pardon, Doctor, they have already done a wonderful deal of mischief. Mrs. Pigtail, the tobacconist's wife, was the other day melted almost into a jelly ; and one Snip, a master-tailor, was so sweated, that, for a wager, he offered to jump through his own thimble. Seriously speaking, they must be put down by Parliament, or we shall all be ruined.

DR. WAX.

I will not unsay what I have said, for any man in England.

MR. MUDGE.

Is it for this that I have fed you, clothed you, and supported your beggarly family !

DR. WAX.

Sir, I scorn your words.

[They fight, and in the scuffle each receives a bloody nose.]

MR. MUDGE.

Call a constable!—Call a constable!

Enter MRS. MUDGE with a yard measure, and her MAID with a mop. They join in the attack upon the DOCTOR.

WOMEN.

Murder! Murder! Murder!—Fire! Fire! Fire!—Oh! my poor husband!—Oh! my poor master!—Murder! Murder! Murder!

Enter a CONSTABLE and ATTENDANTS.

CONSTABLE.

Hey-day!—What's the matter?—Has a murder been committed?

MR. MUDGE.

Yes, yes, Mr. Constable; that fellow has committed more murders in my shop, then ten tongues can tell.—Seize him! Seize him!

CONSTABLE.

Oh! you bloody-minded villain.

SONG.

DR. WAX.

A cobbler I was, and I liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd me for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,
No coin in my pocket, no care in my pate,
No ambition had I, nor no duns at my gate.

Derry down, down, down, derry down,

M

For ten little guineas I got a degree,
And soon learnt to cheat and to pocket a fee ;
I soon learnt to look important and big,
In a rusty black coat and a full-bottom'd wig.

Derry down, &c.

To all who apply I distribute a pill,
And Fortune directs it to cure or to kill ;
For urg'd on by you, without any dread,
I poison and murder for your daily bread.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' better in body, yet worse as to mind,
Some stings of remorse I begin for to find,
And conscience oft bids reflection to dwell,
On a certain dark place, which the parson calls Hell.

Derry down, &c.

Here take then this coat, this wig, and this cane,
To my stall and old shoes, I'll return back again,
I'll work and I'll sing, and at night I'll regale,
With a heart light as cork, o'er a jug of brown ale.

Derry down, &c.

[*The Doctor is carried off.*]

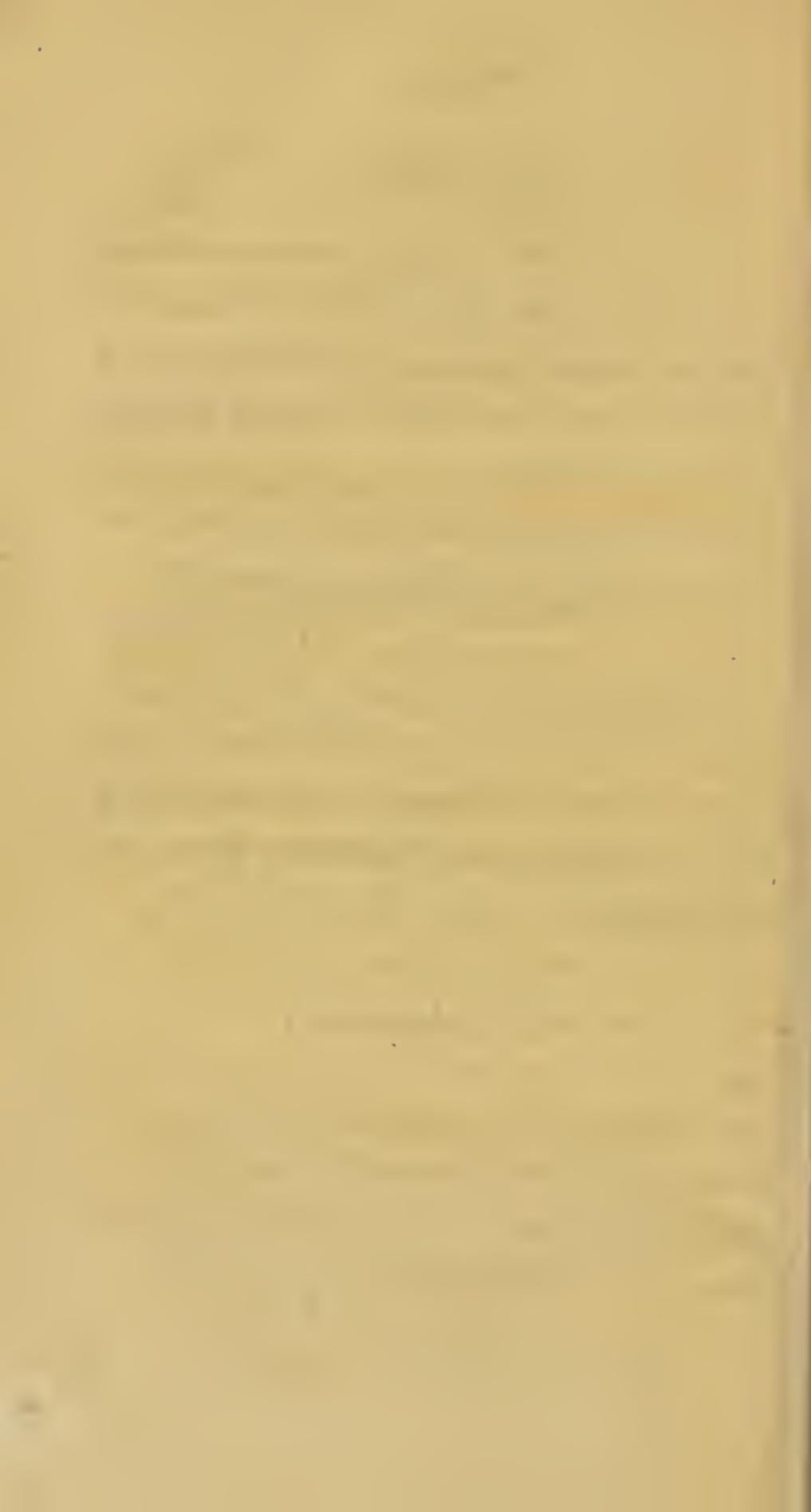
MRS. MUDGE.

And now, Mr. Mudge, since you have escaped with your life, let me once more intreat you to give over this wicked business, and return to your own honest trade of a corn-cutter: No longer let us sport with the lives of our fellow-creatures, for Providence will not permit such impositions to go unpunished.

[*Comes forward.*]

From us, humble as we are, the wisest may learn wisdom; and as the cackling of a goose saved the Capitol of Rome, so may the cackling of a corn-cutter's wife preserve the Temple of Æsculapius.

[*The Curtain drops.*]



NOTES.

THAT there are many deserving practitioners, who are either Graduates of St. Ambrose, or have licences from Warwick-lane, cannot be questioned ; but, at the same time, it must be allowed, that those medical hot-beds do sometimes produce men who are no honour to the profession. A country practitioner, who, for twelve guineas, has got the cabalistical letters M. L. added to his name, or a physician who has never seen an University, (and whose Diploma came by the stage-coach) places himself upon the same level with the members of the College themselves. All therefore meant by this exhibition is, that, for the future, we may have as few tares sown with the wheat as possible.

W.

(^a) It never was intended by the charter of Henry VIII. that a College licence should, *indirectly*, convert any man into a physician ; but, as Mrs. Inchbald says, “ Such Things are.”

(^b) This is the *quid pro quo*. It is a shameful practice, and likely to continue as long as physicians shall think it a degradation to dispense their own medicines.

(^c) A man who, by chance, falls into a river and is drowned, is certainly obliged to those who, with much trouble to themselves, have restored him to life. But with regard to a miserable being whose life was insupportable, it is doubted by some whether such tender mercy be not cruelty. Horace, in his Epistle to the Pisos, says, *Invitum qui servat idem facit occidenti*. A law restraining persons from dying *when* and *how* they think proper, is an infringement upon civil liberty. See writers on “ Civil Liberty,” *passim*.

(^d) No stronger arguments can possibly be brought against the “ Humane Society,” than those used by

Mr. Crape. It may be truly said, that the Institution does infinite credit to the humanity and perseverance of Dr. Hawes.

(c) At this time England was nearly brought to ruin by “Associations,”—the leaders of which, when they found that Parliament would not submit to be bullied, conceived resolutions full as extravagant as those of the Tabernacle.

(f) A few years ago, a reverend divine published a book entitled *Thelypthora*, in which he has endeavoured to prove from scripture, that a man may take as many wives as he can keep.

(g) The Ministerial Dispensary is at present in Downing-street.—A golden ball over the door.

(h) “Two regiments of fuzileers may march from one end of America to the other.” See the *Parliamentary Register* for 1772.

(i) Physic, as well as politics, has its changes and variations. There was a time when soap, quick-

silver, tar-water, and fixed air, were in universal use; and it is more than probable, that tripe, which has as good pretensions, will soon become a fashionable medicine. The congenial particles of tripe, when separated by the action of the digestive organs, are happily on the spot, and ready to be employed by the *ANIMA MEDICA* in the necessary repairs of decayed bowels. For the many kind offices hourly performed by this good lady, consult Dr. Nichols's elegant oration “*De Anima Medica*,” delivered before a body of the best informed men in the kingdom.

(k) The old soldier, conscious of his services, steps boldly forward, and begs a box of Black Basilicon; but the fashionable beggar who has dissipated his fortune in brothels and gaming-houses, and whose life has been uniformly employed in weakening the sinews of the government under which he lives, dares not proceed in the same way; but, like the physicians of the last century, puts his hand behind his back to receive the charity of known and unknown friends.

(^l) This is the theory of Associations. For the practice, consult the *Memoirs of France* for the years 1791, 92, 93, and 94. Subordination is the natural state of man. Equality is theoretical nonsense.

(^m) That country must be free indeed, which allows men to take such political freedoms. When the Sham Doctor was written, this island resembled the little book, called “The World turned Upside “Down,” in which an old American Snake is represented in the act of “charming” John Bull.

(ⁿ) For some years past several very ingenious medical men have engaged in the honourable pursuits of agriculture, and from their labours the public have received considerable advantages. It will therefore seem very extraordinary that those gentlemen should here receive a kind of censure. But when we consider that the author’s uncle, by the mother’s side, was a medical man, and probably a cultivator, we must suppose that he is only making free with his own family, that he may take greater liberties with other people.

(^o) A celebrated physician, in the neighbourhood of Oxford, has discovered that consumptive persons should live in a vitiated atmosphere; and, in support of his hypothesis, has published a practical discourse,—“*insigne, recens, adhuc indictum ore alio.*”

(^p) Although the College, in their late improved Dispensary, have directed all kinds of medicines to be prepared with distilled water, it is to be feared that the Society of Apothecaries will not generally comply with the order. It is therefore recommended, that a steam-engine be erected in all large towns, for the purpose of supplying the Faculty with distilled water. The water, thus obtained, will cost but little, as the engine may be made to grind, stamp, and levigate at the same time; and thus, by shortening manual labour, the present high price of medicines will be reduced, to the great comfort of the poor, who will thereby be enabled to purchase two boluses at the price of one.

(^q) The manner that medical degrees are given by the University of St. Ambrose, must in the opinion

of those who are unacquainted with the circumstances of things, deprecate the honours bestowed by the University of Edinburgh on medical students of approved merit. This medical seminary, confessedly superior to any in Europe, has only to lament its being placed in the same kingdom with the University of St. Ambrose.

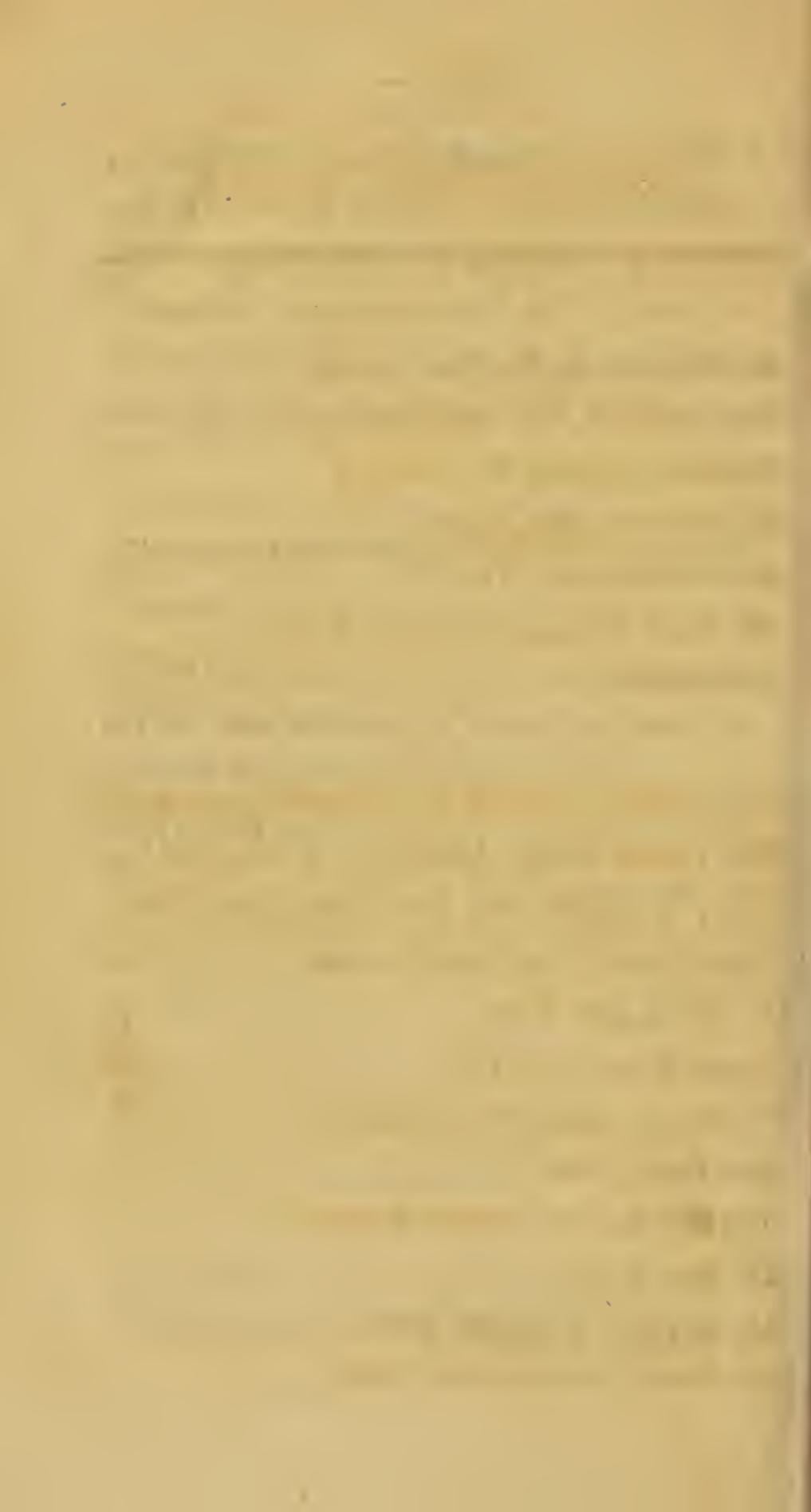
“ Mantua, vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!”

☞ A great part of the Sham Doctor was written many years ago, when dispensaries were not the same honourable Institutions that they now are: An apothecary's shop was generally chosen for the place where the Sham Doctor received his patients, and where the diseased poor were most shamefully imposed upon.

J. C.

THE END.

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